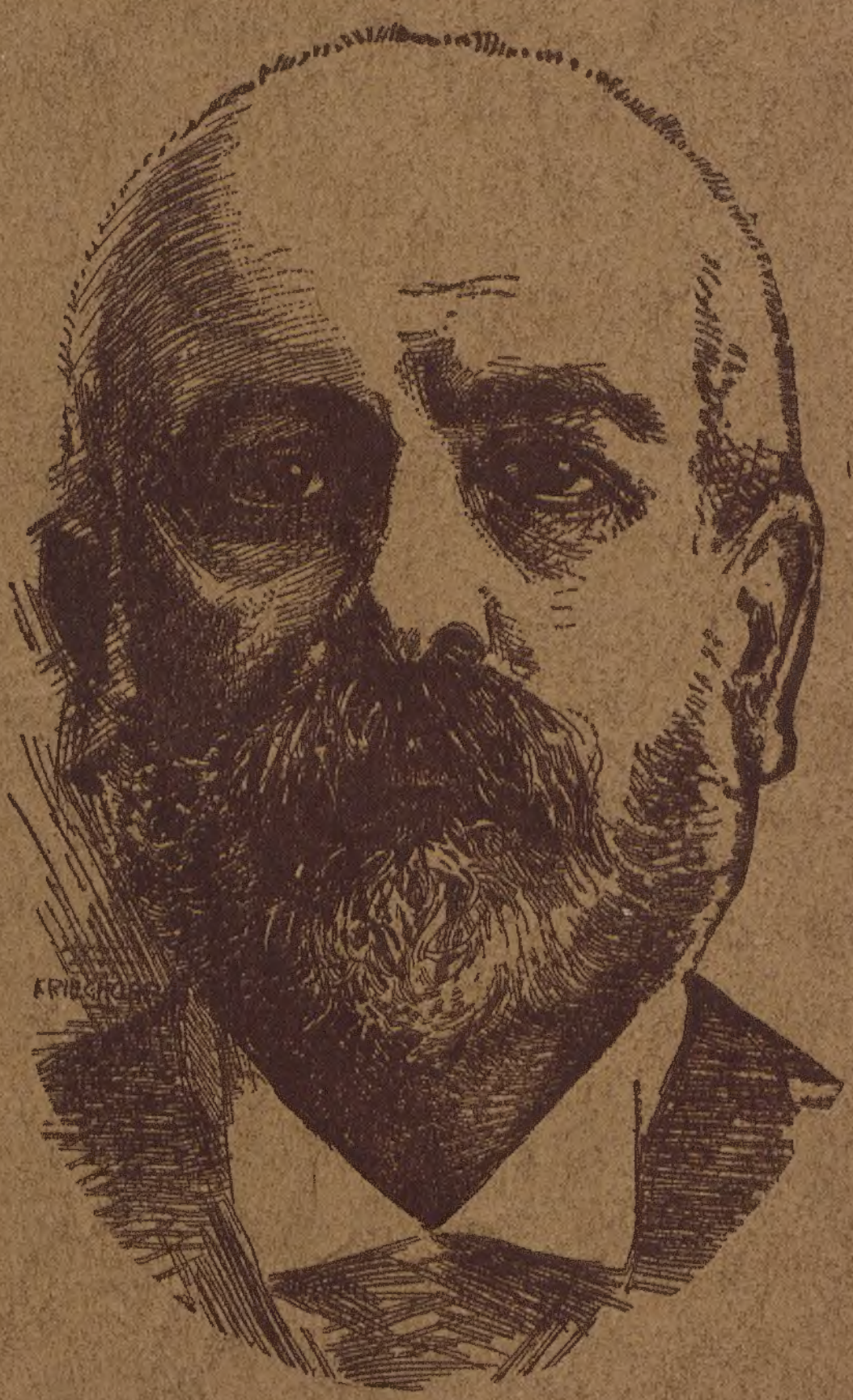
MOTHER EARTH

Vol. V OCTOBER, 1910 No. 8



FRANCISCO FERRER

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MOTHER EARTH

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Vol. V **OCTOBER, 1910** **No. 8**

EMMA GOLDMAN'S BOOK

A SERIES of essays comprising a thorough critique of existing social institutions and conditions, and giving a comprehensive view of the author's opinions on matters educational, sexual, economic, political, and social.

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1. **Anarchism: What It Really Stands For.**
2. **Psychology of Political Violence.**
3. **Patriotism.**
4. **Francisco Ferrer and The Modern School.**
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9. **Marriage and Love.**
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OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

HAD the Church and State of Spain foreseen the consequences of the Montjuich crime, Francisco Ferrer would undoubtedly still be among the living. Certainly they would have tried other means of silencing the great Teacher and suppressing the Modern Schools. But, for reasons of self-preservation, they would have never dared to resort to the premeditated murder had they believed such universal indignation possible as was aroused by the death of our martyred Comrade.

Perhaps no one was more astonished than the Catholic Church by the spontaneity and vehemence of the cry that rose from the social conscience, horrified by the Montjuich outrage. Blinded by her insatiable hunger for power and pelf, and thirsting for revenge, the Church forgot the moving finger of Time. A most fatal mistake. It has exposed to the world, more absolutely convincingly than ever before, the two most dangerous and bitter enemies of progress: the Church and the State.

The social consciousness is awake. The time is past when such foul crimes against humanity can be committed with impunity. The powers of darkness are beginning to learn this lesson.

The shot that stilled the noble heart of Francisco Ferrer has carried the agony of the martyr into the soul of every man and woman yearning for light. In Francisco Ferrer the cause of humanity has lost a noble man and an enlightened, self-sacrificing educator. But his death has fired the hearts of thousands with love and appreciation; throughout the world his memory is tenderly revered by the noblest and best, and his martyrdom inspires them with the glowing determination to continue the great work of enlightenment and emancipation—with united hearts, scorning all danger and obstacles.

This our heritage from Francisco Ferrer irradiates the world and is the surest presage of a freer and happier humanity.

* * *

THE first anniversary of the death of Francisco Ferrer will be fittingly commemorated this month throughout the world. In this country memorial meetings will take place in almost every large city. In New York the

memory of our martyred Comrade will be honored by a demonstration in Cooper Union, on October 13th.

It was the intention of MOTHER EARTH to commemorate the anniversary by issuing a special Ferrer edition, dealing with the life of the Spanish educator, the foundation of Modern Schools, and the methods and aims of rational education. But as the Francisco Ferrer Association had in preparation a very excellent brochure of similar purpose, the plan of a special Ferrer edition of the magazine was, for obvious reasons, abandoned.

We wish to call the particular attention of our readers to the booklet now published by the Francisco Ferrer Association: "Francisco Ferrer—His Life, Work, and Martyrdom." It is tastefully gotten up, with illustrated cover and portrait of Ferrer, and contains also messages by Ernst Haeckel, Maxim Gorky, Edward Carpenter, Havelock Ellis, Jack London, and others.

A rich fund of information will be found in this booklet by all those interested in the life of the man whose efforts to educate the children of Spain marked him as the victim of the Inquisition.

Address: Francisco Ferrer Association, 241 Fifth ave., New York.

* * *

IN a brilliant review of Irving Babbitt's "The New Laokoon," William Marion Reedy, in *The Mirror*, thus expresses himself: "Prof. Babbitt is making a splendid last stand against Tolstoy, Nietzsche, Ibsen, Shaw, Stirner—against the crescent dominance in art and morals of the Ego and his Own. I think he will fail and fall, this brilliant aristocrat. The world renews its youth from age to age, and in poetics and high philosophy and all things else 'youth will be served.' The revolt will go on. Anarchism is a great constructive force."

That is well put, and it is our task to demonstrate, in the face of persistent misrepresentation, that Anarchism is the only possible constructive force. Only free men and women can form a social structure worthy of the name of civilization; only under freedom can true co-operation be achieved; only when all forms of special privilege have been abolished—including above all, the privilege of ruling over others—will labor come into its own. With none able to obtain reward save by social

service, all who perform social service will receive, automatically, the full product of their toil. There is no other solution of the social question.

* * *

NO political system has ever equaled popular suffrage as an instrument for enslavement. Monarchical absolutism is unspeakably clumsy, stupidly exposing itself to rebellion and uprisings. But the ballot box is the most potent factor for well-ordered oppression and exploitation. It hypnotizes its victims into the belief of political sovereignty and independence, while at the same time still firmer riveting the chains of bondage. Indeed, it inspires its dupes with a strange pride in the very symbol of their degradation, and thus makes them *willing, satisfied slaves.*

To dispel this fog of political superstition is a Titanic work. It requires the best efforts of the friends of liberty, who realize the terrible devastations of the political self-delusion and the fatal sway of representative authority.

* * *

THE proceedings at the American Prison Association Convention are enough to make one doubt the humanity and sanity of the species man.

One would think that the deliberations of such a body, to whose care are entrusted thousands of helpless prison inmates, would be characterized by a proper sense of responsibility, by broad sympathy for the unfortunates, and by sincere efforts to understand the causes of increasing crime.

Instead we find the Convention dominated by narrow-minded philistinism, personal prejudice, and blind persecution.

The barbarism and stupidity of the Convention and its "labors" are fitly summed up in the proposition *to number the citizens of America as a means of solving the problem of crime.* The country should be turned into one large prison, for "the continuous enumeration and consecutive numbering of the whole citizenship." Thus we shall heal the terrible social cancer, whose merely external symptoms are within the prison walls.

Can anything transcend the fiendish cruelty and brazen hypocricy of the good Christian gentlemen of the Prison Congress?

IT is encouraging to note that the persistent Anarchist propaganda against parliamentarism is bearing good fruit. Thoughtful workingmen are beginning to realize how destructive political "action" is to the best interests of labor. They are learning that their futile wanderings in the dark labyrinths of politics have paralyzed their efforts in the economic arena and resulted in deplorable failure.

But especially is it gratifying that those most inveterate governmentalists—our step-brothers, the Socialists—are being gradually forced to acknowledge the utter uselessness of politics and the paramount importance of the struggle on the industrial field.

Many symptoms indicate the beneficial change that is coming over the parliamentary hearts of Socialists, in England as well as in America. Thus the *International Socialist Review* indorses the attitude of Victor Grayson, who severely criticizes parliamentarism and pleads for "the immediate and serious consideration of industrial unionism." Still more instructive words, highly illuminative of the situation, come from one of the most intelligent and outspoken Socialist sources. In a recent issue, the London *New Age* says, editorially:

". . . There is not the slightest doubt about one thing, namely, that the immediate futility of political action is dawning on the members of the trade unions. We do not attribute to them any profound political acumen when we affirm that the question now simmering in their minds is whether they have anything whatever to gain by being in politics at all. . . . The governing classes are infinitely less afraid of the workingman's vote than of his strike. All these late years we have been assuring the wretched wage slaves that their votes were worth their weight in progress. It has been pretended that it mattered vitally and enormously to them, their children, their country, their king, and their God, that they should vote for the right man. Well, they now begin to learn that it doesn't matter to any one of these things. During the last ten years the so-called political power of the working classes has gone up by leaps and bounds, while at the same time their wages have, proportionately to profits made by their masters, gone down by leaps and bounds. Has it altered the actual conditions of factory and workshop life that

two and a half million unionists should have dabbled for ten years in politics? Are the hours of labor fewer or the rates of wages more? Is a sovereign more easily earned now than ten years ago? Will it buy more? Not one of these questions can be answered satisfactorily. Then what is the good of politics to the workingman? Suppose the workingman withdraws from politics, discovering that his vote is of no importance to himself; nothing particular would happen in the political world in consequence. But suppose him active in another sphere, and in the sphere from which, by singular adroitness, he was ten years ago diverted! We refer to the sphere of labor. It is plain that the governing classes can manage to grub along without workingmen's votes, but they cannot get along at all without workingmen's labor. . . . Nor need we imagine that the old clumsy and inefficient use of the local or trade strike as a weapon of social betterment will be employed when the time comes to boycott the ballot box. In this sort of warfare inventions also have been made. Like a modern European war, a modern strike will be all over in a fortnight at the outside; but there will have been engaged in it millions of men involving millions more."

These are very encouraging signs. Bitter experience in the school of life is teaching the trades unions, as well as the Socialists, the deep truth of Anarchist propaganda. Away with the worship of the governmental fetich. In direct action along economic lines lies the emancipation of labor.

* * *

ANARCHY—Absence of government; disbelief in, and disregard of, invasion and authority based on coercion and force; a condition of society regulated by voluntary agreement instead of government.

* * *

ANARCHISM—The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.

CZOLGOSZ

By JOHN G. NEIHARDT.*

He murdered! Hasten! Let the Nation kill!
A godly State, we wield the chastening rod.
Dumb in the chair he waits—Oh hush, be still!
Once more a priest insults our patient God!

With fire of Heaven he withers like a leaf—
This hideous offering to our social Joss!
But, as of old, beside the punished thief,
Unseen, Christ hangs upon a neighboring cross!

This futile Brutus struck at Caesar's life;
He killed a husband and the People's friend.
Oh, Caesar hath not flesh to feel the knife!
Still Caesar lives—and this is not the end!

Hark to the human groans from mire and muck!
Oh, still the streams of sunless millions flow!
He missed the tyrant's heart at which he struck,
Nor do we kill the Thing that struck the blow!

The pistol ball wounds not the vaporous mark!
Nor can the dagger pick our prison lock!
Strike Night!—you stab some brother in the dark!
And Henry Fourth survives poor Ravaillac!

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*From "Man-Song," published by Mitchell Kennerly, New York.

DEEDS OF VIOLENCE

By HIPPOLYTE HAVEL.

MAYOR GAYNOR'S opinion that the attack upon his life was the result of the accusations against him by an inimical press demonstrates the peculiar naïvity of our reformers. Blind leaders of the blind! They see results but fail to understand the causes. One may be quite sincere and quote Epictetus, yet understand nothing of the psychology of violence.

Indeed, William Randolph Hearst is the *enfant terrible* in the political muck flood of our times; but he is no worse than the Spreckels, Ochses, Reids, Kohlsaats, and Rosewaters, except that he has secured an unenviable prominence in capitalist journalism. The editorials of his hirelings, Arthur Brisbane and John Temple Graves, will surely induce no one to commit violence. At the worst, the choice morsels of Reverend Parkhurst might cause some readers acute indigestion.

Deep social causes must underlie the commission of desperate anti-social acts. To be sure, there is a tremendous difference between an idealist like Leon Czolgosz, one who considers himself the executor of the social conscience, and a James Gallagher, the enraged avenger of personal wrongs. It is the difference of intellectual growth: the one awakened to complete social consciousness, the other instinctively striking out in blind, helpless fury.

The act of Czolgosz expressed the dull, tortured soul of mute millions, rebelling against social conditions based on murder and exploitation. The assassination of the chief representative of the plutocratic republic was the deed of a conscious social rebel—not specifically that of an Anarchist. His last words, on the threshold of death, were: "I did it for the working people of America."

His act was not understood. But some day labor, freed from its slavery, will honor his memory.

The act of Gallagher indicates the bankruptcy of the reform politicians. The best among them, like Brand Whitlock, are convinced of the uselessness of their efforts, and are withdrawing from the swamp of political corruption. The history of reformative attempts is forever the same: a number of the smaller fry are deprived

of their subsistence and driven into the ranks of the wage slaves, thus still further intensifying the struggle for daily existence. On the other hand, the inherent failure of these efforts dispirits and disheartens the people at large, and makes them the easier victims of reaction.

James Gallagher was a staunch follower of his political party. As a common member of the great machine of corruption he gave conscientious yeoman service. He would have gladdened the heart of Pope Pius as one of the faithful. He was a true Catholic, untouched by modernism or sillonism, and always ready to pay homage to the holy fathers. He was a true patriot, ever prepared to rally under the flag of his country.

He could not help seeing that his party friends, because of their social connections and especially because of the almighty dollar, continually rose on the ladder of fortune. But as long as he felt secure in his little political berth, he was satisfied.

One can easily imagine his horror when the reformers took possession of City Hall, and he, together with hundreds of others, found himself on the street, out of a job. In fear and anxiety, he thought of his gray hairs, as he faced the dread spectre of starvation. Daily thousands of wage slaves silently suffer this fate, but in Gallagher there lived a different spirit,—he would not die of hunger without a cry.

In blind rage he fell upon the person he thought responsible for his undeserved misfortune. It was the fear of starvation which prompted his deed.

As long as human society rests upon injustice, just so long will there be rebels like Czolgosz—conscious enemies of oppression and wrong, or men like Gallagher, desperate in their unenlightened protest.

The defenders and apologists of existing conditions find it sufficient to place the responsibility for such acts upon the teachings of Anarchism. They dupe themselves into the belief that they are able to perpetuate their parasitism by palliatives and the persecution of the pioneers of a new social order based on liberty and economic independence. Yet now and then their peace is rudely disturbed—the *mene tekel* of the Czolgoszes and Gallaghers sounds a terrible warning.

Though absolutely no connection existed between the

Anarchists and the act of Czolgosz, the enemy organized a nation-wide persecution against our movement. The campaign of terrorism inaugurated by the capitalist press and the police, in which all the big and little scoundrels and grafters participated, still vibrates in our memory.

Too bad they could not lay Gallagher at the Anarchist door. He is the very type of the desirable citizen. Nothing was heard after the attack upon the Mayor, about the arrest of Gallagher's comrades, religious or political. No patrol wagon was seen in front of the *Times* office, ready to drive Mr. Ochs and his editors to the police station, and there subject them, for days, to the third degree. Nor has Mr. Murphy, the Tammany chief, been disturbed in his peaceful wigwam; nor John Farley dragged from his episcopal palace to the Tombs; neither Mrs. Belmont, nor Miss Morgan was subjected to physical violence by uniformed ruffians, as happened to Comrade Goldman nine years ago in a police station at Chicago.

Most peculiar of all, no special laws have been framed against Democrats and Catholics.

Such is the even justice of the bourgeoisie.

A VISIT TO LONDON

By Ben L. Reitman, M.D.

EVER since I came in touch with the Anarchists I have been hearing of Kropotkin, Malatesta, Tcherkesov, Rocker, and others. Therefore when I arrived in London last July, my heart was overflowing with eager expectancy. It was my fifth trip to London, two of which were made as a tramp. I spent my time then studying the underworld, that is nowhere so awful and interesting as in London.

On my third trip I started as a medical student, making hospitals and clinics my world of study. The fourth voyage I made as a tourist and, as such, the gaieties of England's capital attracted me mostly.

But never before did the city reveal itself to me in all her possibilities. It was, indeed, a revelation. How was I, a man living a careless life, to know that London

surged with the spirit of revolt, or that it contained so many interesting personalities.

On my arrival, I called at the office of *Freedom,* the leading English Anarchist paper, that has been proclaiming the message of liberty to the world for nearly twenty-eight years. Dozens of publications have come to life and died, but *Freedom* has weathered all difficulties.

The man who has charge of *Freedom* and publishes all the Anarchistic pamphlets is Tom Keell, a jovial, hard-working, and devoted soul, whose entire life is consecrated to his cause.

He gave me a truly comradely reception and bade me make myself at home in the office. Nor did his cordiality diminish during my entire stay. Gloomy or cheerful, Tom always greeted me with kind words and a cup of tea. And when I incurred the curiosity of Scotland Yard, members of which were eager to locate my place of "conspiracy," it was Tom Keell who beat them off my track and took me to his home.

The next English Anarchist I visited was a man who had been warmly recommended to me in America—John Turner, whom my country honored by deporting for "disbelieving in organized government."

For many years organizer of the Shop Assistants' Union, Turner has a wealth of information on trade union matters, so that in our short and pleasant chat I learned much of the condition of organized labor and co-operative societies in England.

In a small cottage in one of the charming suburbs of London there lives and works a man who is to-day not only the greatest exponent of Anarchism, but also one of the leading scientists of the world,—Peter Kropotkin.

During my tours with Emma Goldman I had more than one occasion to witness the love and esteem entertained for this man by radicals, Socialists, and Anarchists alike. In many a household Peter Kropotkin's photo is cherished, and his numerous pamphlets furnish the principal asset of every radical library.

My reception was not as jovial as that at the *Freedom* office. No doubt Kropotkin is annoyed by many visitors, which circumstance has probably made him rather cautious and reticent. His family, however, especially his daughter, has the more democratic and easy manner.

The conversation, though instructive, was brief and guarded, and centered entirely on the growth of Anarchism, which my host measured by the ever increased output of Anarchist literature. Kropotkin expressed his fears that some of the Anarchists in America lean towards respectability and utilitarianism. He strongly urged the necessity of carrying the message of Anarchism to the workingmen.

I left the Kropotkin household in a depressed state of mind, but a few minutes with another great Anarchist, Enrico Malatesta, put cheer into my soul. So wonderfully kind and childlike is this much-feared rebel that it is impossible to feel gloomy in his presence. Like Kropotkin, Malatesta is of aristocratic origin, but he is much more one of the people. He knows them not merely through theory, but through actual daily contact with all their struggles, their fears, and hopes.

He, too, spoke to me of the great advance of Anarchism in Europe and of its influence on every phase of human thought, not so much in a direct as in an indirect manner. He said Anarchism is exerting an influence on Socialism, trade unionism, on literature, the drama, and education.

During the two days of my visit Malatesta unrolled before my eyes the wonderful constructive possibility of Anarchism. Yet the details of his own remarkable life held me more than anything else. After all, is not the life of Malatesta a history of Anarchism?

Supplied with a collection of old and valuable pamphlets, and full of love for this simple but truly great teacher, I went on to learn more.

T. Tcherkessov is known throughout the radical world as the author of "Socialist Pages of History." A little big giant he is, small and dainty of stature, but a veritable encyclopedia of historic information. He, too, was very hospitable and comradely.

Through him I learned much about the Russian revolutionary movement, and the reasons for its seeming defeat which, he said, are due to the fact that Russia is not undergoing a mere political change, but a complete reconstruction in every phase of life. In speaking of English trade unionism as compared to our own, Tcherkessov expressed the view that although in America cer-

tain trades are more completely organized, the English workingman is much better prepared to carry on the Co-operative Commonwealth after the Social Revolution.

Although myself of Jewish extraction, I rarely manage to get close to the Jewish radicals. No doubt it is my fault. I have never been much with Jews until I took up radical lecture work. Somehow I fail to grasp their psychology, and they mine. Thus I gained little from my visit to Jubilee street, the headquarters of the Jewish Anarchists in London, and they gained even less.

Rocker, the editor of the *Arbeiterfreund* and *Germinal,* two Anarchist publications which, I understand, are the best in that language, is not a Jew. His fame as an educator and writer is far and wide, but as I do not read Jewish and my bad luck would have me find him in a non-communicative state of mind, my visit was of little value. Still, I do not wish to convey the impression that Rocker is not a force. He must be if through his help the Jewish agitation in London has borne such fruit. Many Jewish Anarchists I have met in America have been pupils of Rocker.

In connection with my free speech activities it has been brought home to me more than once how little liberty we Americans really have. But never did I realize how terribly curtailed we are in this democratic country until I came to London. Hyde Park, Regents Park, and all the other open-air meeting places,—how wonderful compared with our own prison air, where one dare not breathe properly without the consent of the bully in the blue coat. If only to have escaped the latter, it was worth while going to London.

Some one once said, "You Americans are born talkers, but you do not always know what you are talking about." That may be true, but that is only because we are always afraid lest we offend the good taste of the policeman. The English bobbie neither hears nor sees; he's not there for that; hence the various speakers who daily inflict themselves on the English listening public give full vent to their feelings. Needless to say, I made generous use of it. I am not prepared to say that my hearers gained anything from me, but I do know I gained much from them. Besides, to be able to say what one d—— pleases is a treat one cannot afford to miss.

With me at all times was a wonderful boy, Guy Aldred, an Anarchist.

Although a bit too precocious for his age, and too prolific in his devotion to the use of the pen, he is nevertheless very remarkable. A brilliant speaker, enthusiastic and daring, he is the mainstay of the public agitation carried on in London now. Guy Aldred has just paid his toll to the British Bull for his connection with the Indian propaganda. His great zeal and fire should serve as a lesson that prisons do not "reform." Would to goodness we had such inspiring workers here. It might help to put a little life in some of the American parlor radicals.

Guy Aldred and his companion Rose, both through their spirit to each other and their solidarity to me, have shown me the beauty of true comradeship.

Space will not permit me to make mention of all the people I have met, most of them—the Socialists especially—are so uninteresting and conservative, they would take the first prize at a lawn party of the Women's Christian Association.

I must, however, speak of one who, while in bad repute in the radical ranks, has nevertheless impressed me deeply. I know he is accused of being a renegade. He may have gone back on his revolutionary ideals. I know also that he is charged with betraying the workingmen; that, too, may have foundation. But it is not the agitator nor educator, John Burns, I hape reference to, but the man.

His simplicity, his kindliness, his remarkable joviality, touched a chord in my being, and as such I shall always remember him.

Last but not least was my visit to the British Museum, where I realized for the first time how truly great a force Anarchism is. Over two hundred books on Anarchism, and many hundreds dealing with the subject, but not listed under it, cannot help but prove that Anarchism does not rest on ignorance. When I remembered that a monarchical country treated this world idea and its exponents with respect, I blushed for being an American.

London, great mysterious London, I shall never forget thee.

ENDURANCE

In Memory of Ferrer

By GEORGE E. BOWEN.

When all the gold is counted, and all the profit won,
And not a butchery of faith in manhood left undone,
Survey with me the splendors the vandal victors keep
While honor's few defenders beside the ruins weep.

When all the love is traded for license and for shame,
And fellowship forgotten, and truth a blotted name,
Content us with the power that owns a world of slaves
With baser dogs to drive them to hope-consuming graves.

When all the arts of murder and all the guns of hate
Have left but fiends and felons to guard the social state,
How will the fruit of labor their ghoulish passions feast
When men no longer suffer the fury of the beast?

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ECONOMY AS VIEWED BY AN ANARCHIST

By C. L. JAMES.

(*Continuation.*)

THE second reason why the practice of considering any other economic process before that of Consumption misleads, is that it illustrates the vulgar but inveterate error of reasoning, not "from the standpoint of" "The Consumer," who alone is Universal Man, but from that of a class—in Socialistic Economy, the productive laborer, in "orthodox" Economy, the capitalist or middleman who conducts exchanges between producers. Because the productive laborer is usually, under present conditions, a hired proletaire, Socialism reasons that what he needs is a boss with whom he will have influence, that is one elected by workers, forgetting these important points (1) that the hired proletaires employed at productive labor are only a minority of the people; (2) that the system of gang-labor under bosses, though often very efficacious for particular jobs, depresses the average efficiency of the men to that of the weakest, least willing,

and least intelligent, among them; (3) that it is therefore a system under which no man can rise,—for those proletaires who invent and improve do not rise under it but out of it; (4) that these original geniuses among productive laborers are the people who have raised their vocation out of barbarian conditions, and must be relied upon to raise it higher, if that is ever done; (5) that a system which would make us all proletaires, under bosses elected by the mere routine workers, is unfavorable to such improvement; as may be seen in countries like France, where it has been partly realized, on comparing them with the countries of freest competition, like England and America; (6) that the original men among the proletaires, whose chief social function is not the routine Labor of a gang, but the Play of genius, are quite sensible of this; and, accordingly, though they may use democratic weapons against hereditary privilege, their feeling is not democratic, but is either aristocratic or Anarchistic;—that they do not want to continue proletaires, but to become either bosses or independent workers; (7) that, together with those who are not proletaires at all, they are abundantly strong enough to outvote Social Democracy when it aims at being thorough, and reduce it to a mere party among the parties, whose remedies for proletarian grievances can be only partial and palliative.

On the other hand, the "orthodox" economist reasons that (1) because the capitalist grows rich by taking in more money than he pays out, any man might grow rich in the same way; (2) that those who choose to do otherwise must be poor; (3) that those who elect to remain poor must work for wages paid them by the capitalists, a natural aristocracy of talent and will; (4) that labor thus becomes a commodity whose price is regulated by the ratio between the demands of the employers, which raise it, and the number of the employed, which depresses; (5) that if the lot of the poor be hard, there is no remedy but to show them the folly of increasing their numbers, and persuade as many as possible to raise themselves out of the proletairan ranks by saving. Such reasoning overlooks the facts (1) that for all men to save money is impossible. Money is an instrument of exchange which no man can get legitimately otherwise

than by selling something,[7] and which no man spends otherwise than by buying. If nobody were willing to spend, there would be no money, and the condition on which any man can save is that there are others who do not save; (2) that the experiment of saving all around has nevertheless been tried on quite a large scale by communities like the Chinese coolies and the poor Hebrews in such places as "Jewtown," New York. Of course, they could not have done this but that there is an outside world which lives on different principles; yet the effect, even among themselves, is that, except a few of the best starvers, all are miserably poor; (2) that those who "choose to spend their money" are obliged to let out their labor to "those who have saved their money," not by a natural law but a factitious. Long before there was any money, war and conquest, the result of war, divided mankind permanently into the classes of rich and poor,—those who got Surplus Value and those who furnished it,—those who "had land and slaves," that is, had claims on the labor of others, and those who were slaves or tenants, on whose labor others had claims. But saving money will not, alone, make any man rich. Except as his money will buy such claims on the labor of others, the miser is poor to starvation. It is also among the economic commonplaces that the rich do not, as a rule, keep much money nor much of the products which money will buy:—that, if a communistic mob should rob them it would get very little, because what makes them rich is their claims upon the labor of others, and these claims are of such a nature that, though they may be cancelled by a revolution, they cannot be forcibly transferred.[8] The orthodox doctrine of "saving" is merely a relic of the Mercantilist error (so called because generalized from the narrow standpoint of merchants or capitalists), which identified money with riches.

The practice of generalizing, not from the sandpoint

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[7] Except, of course, its original makers, who would not exist but that others want money to use—that is, to spend.

[8] It is, therefore, the law that there is no larceny of a chose in action. A note or deed is not property to any one but the legal owner, for the claim which it represents is all the value in it; and the claim cannot be stolen.

of universal man, but from that of a class, I have designated as the Original Sin of Political Economy, because it is an error engendered by those passions of the classes Rich and Poor which suggested economic speculation. Political Economy was conceived in the iniquity and born in the sin of desiring a Surplus Value over the results of labor. "And this corruption of the flesh, called in Greek *phronema sarkos,* doth remain, yea, in them which are regenerate." The progress of economic science has consisted in partially overcoming the one-sided feeling and consequent one-sided thinking of a class: but we have just seen that neither "orthodox" economists nor Socialists have got over it by any means altogether. The Anarchist alone generalizes from the standpoint of the abstract *individual,* a type of no particular class, but of Universal Man whose economic title is the Consumer because every man, whether rich or poor, capitalist, landlord, or proletaire; the king or the beggar is, at least, a Consumer; and, regarding him economically, that is all he necessarily is.

6. Production is the modification of Land (in the economic sense) by labor, which, we remember, makes it Wealth, even though the modification be very slight—thus cocoa-nuts on the tree (a wild one) are not, economically, Wealth but Land; while even so slight a modification as picking them up to store or sell when they fall spontaneously makes them Wealth. Of course a further modification of any labor-result is a continued Production. Thus the production of cocoa-nut pie or candy, the toys and vessels made out of cocoa-nut shells, etc., extends back to the tree, and to speak of the cook or carver as producing the pie or the dipper is merely an inaccuracy excusable because not likely to be misunderstood—we should say, if we mean to be strict, that he is the last among the producers. The Wealth produced in any case of production is called the Product.

7. Exchange is a special kind of Production, effected not by changing, chemically, the substance, or, mechanically, the form of anything, but by changing its possession, through a geographical or topographical change in its place, which may be very slight, as where eggs are laid in a garden and sold in a store on the same lot, or

marvelously great, as where sheep killed in Australia are transported fresh to England in ice sent over from England for the purpose. It is a kind of Production because the products exchanged are always more of Wealth to the producer who receives each than was that which he gave for the same, and thus both parties are enriched—as is also the world containing both. This is very paradoxical, but has long since been explained and proved by the following illustrative process. Suppose the world contained only two trading countries, France and England, which exchanged only two products, as English coal for French wine; then the balance-sheet would be like this:

ENGLAND.	FRANCE.
IMPORTS,	IMPORTS,
Wine, English valuation.....*x*	Coal, French valuation.....*x*
EXPORTS,	EXPORTS,
Coal, English valuation.....*y*	Wine, French valuation.....*y*
BALANCE, IMPORTS .....*x*—*y*= (gain)	BALANCE, IMPORTS.....*x*—*y*= (gain)

Debt of France to England,.....Debt of England to France, which cancel.

Now, it makes no difference to the principle that there are many nations and many imports. The value of each nation's imports, on her own soil, exceeds the (home) value of her exports; and the balance is her gain. Frequently it happens that there is a balance or exchange of goods not money, which she has to pay another country in cash; and the sum of such balances may be greater than the sum of those "in her favor." But all that proves is, what it does prove conclusively, that she has a surplus of circulating medium, and finds exporting it more profitable than using it at home. Americans would no more send money to England unless they found this the easiest way to satisfy their desires than wheat if they did not have a surplus of wheat. It is indeed true that there is a hankering in America for English money, which leads to borrowing, often at extravagant rates (in the form of land-grants and other premiums), that very money which has been sent away. This looks, and is, unprofitable. But, so far as it is not a relic of the discarded Mercantilist bullion-worship, it means that there are in America characters like Colonel Sellers, possessed with the "development of our resources" mania, and do-

ing business which is not legitimate but speculative: nor is there any reason to fear that England will gain at our expense by getting our money to lend us again. She long since found out that she burns her own fingers by accommodating Colonel Sellers, and has ceased to regard American speculative enterprises as good investments.

8. The knotty term Value has been qualitatively explained, as much as was yet necessary, by considering that valuable which can be sold. But in arriving at our last definition we were compelled to show that it is of the essence of value to be measureable. The term "value in use" or "use-value," is accordingly incorrect; for "use" is a subjective relation which does not admit of being measured (as has been very satisfactorily proved for us by Bentham, Dumont, and other philosophers whose system required them to try measuring usefulness). This, indeed, is shown by the economic writers, Ricardo, DeQuincey, Marx, and others who employ the term "value in use," but it is shown only after frightfully long arguments throughout which the reader supposes the words so often used must mean something. I think we can save all that. "Use-value" should be called Utility, and defined as capacity to satisfy desire. That Value for which we are seeking a definition is what these writers call value in exchange, an objective relation easily measured by experiment—"a thing is worth what it will sell for." And as nothing is properly Value except exchange-value, we will drop the unnecessary word "exchange," and speak simply of Value. Value, then, is the rate of exchange.

9. Value thus is a strictly relative term;—the value for a given quantity, x, of anything is always a quantity, y, in (or of) something else. There is no truly absolute value though value in Labor is sometimes so-called. But all values may be reduced to a common standard, as money, the value of anything in which is its Price. (Since the value of A is always *in* B, C, D, etc., there can be no general rise or fall of values—an important proposition. If the value of A *in* B, C, D, etc., rises or falls, their values [in A] must fall or rise to just the same extent. But there can be a general rise or fall in prices, which means a fall or rise in the value of the common standard, money. By money, understand here the metals, whose value is

intrinsic. A rise or fall of coin values in their representative, paper, is a fall or rise in its value, not affecting the value of commodities in coin.)

10. Still we are only beleaguering this strongly fortified point, the definition of value. To open a breach, we must remember, that value is relative, that its conception arises in the process of exchange, and that men seek to gratify their desires with the least exertion. From the last of these propositions it follows that no man will give more labor in the product of his own than he gets (in product of another man's) as often as exchange occurs—this, of course, on elimination of such accidents as cheating, which, in a view of the world's affairs, may be understood to cancel by favoring different parties equally, —an assumption far from as arbitrary as it looks; for rascality, though often very remunerative on a pinch, is proverbially bad policy in the long run. The point, then, at which "higgling" between any two sets of producers, each trying to get as much of the other's product as possible for as little of their own, will produce an agreement, or Bar-Gain, is equality of labor by each,—the paradox of exchange being now as follows:

France obtains from England,
Labor devoted to producing coal=x=labor devoted to producing wine, which England obtains of France;
Subtract above from:
English labor necessary to produce wine=y — French labor necessary to produce coal=y
English gain=$y-x$=French gain.

But this equality is only an average result. The labor actually offered for anything (called in Economy the Demand[9]), is always greater than the net labor employed in producing it,—the Supply—; or else it will not sell. (See below on the relation of Supply to Cost.) Trade in those products of which there never occurs a considerable glut is kept up by slight fluctuations continually diverting excess of demand over supply from one to the other; while, with those products in which trade is more specu-

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[9] To operate as Demand and occasion Value, the labor must actually be offered. Mere profession of willingness to work (called sometimes "impotent demand") will not raise value, unless the work proposed be definite and available. Thus the fact that many people are hungry because their usual food is scarce, does not necessarily raise its price.

lative, these fluctuations are frequently sudden and great, arresting the sale of large stocks by a fall of demand below supply. It is usually said that Value, quantitatively considered, depends on the ratio, or marks the equation of supply and demand: but this is an example of loose phraseology allowing no translation into tangible symbols. Value, regarded as a quantity, is *the ratio of demand to its excess over supply.* This excess I call Scarcity. The obvious truth that Scarcity seems the inverse proposition of Supply, does not make this formula only a new way of putting the common one. That there is a real difference: and that the Supply and Demand formula is inaccurate may be shown as follows:

Supply remaining constant, value rises as demand rises and falls as demand falls. Demand remaining constant, value rises as supply falls and falls as supply rises. Value is then, evidently, a ratio (balance, equation, or what you will) not between Demand and Supply, which normally create each other, but Demand and its opposite, Minus Supply, or Scarcity,—rising and falling with either of these terms indifferently; and the distinction is of practical importance, because a scarcity or deficit of supply below demand never fails to make value; but increase of supply does not necessarily reduce value—in the familiar case of food during a good season it often does not, owing to increase of demand. We shall also see it is not necessary to value that there should be any supply at all.

(To be continued.)

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ANARCHIST—A believer in Anarchism; one opposed to all forms of coercive government and invasive authority; an advocate of Anarachy, or absence of government, as the ideal of political liberty and social harmony.

TENDENCIES OF MODERN LITERATURE

BY WM. ZUKERMAN.

"THE fundamental principle of art," says Stanislaus Przybyszewski, a well-known figure in modern literature, "is the understanding of the soul as an individual power, the soul as traveling from infinite to infinite, the soul, which by the will of some unknown power comes down to the earth, returns to the infinite and then is again embodied . . ."

This is the first principle of modern literature; all other laws, rules, and regulations come second, merely as corollaries to this fundamental requisite. Art is emotion, feeling; it is the child of the soul; it pictures only the emotional manifestations; it interests itself only with spiritual growth and development. Outside the soul nothing exists for art; everything beyond the spirit is a strange field to literature; the world of outer phenomena is a "describing world" to modern art.

It is not the place here to explain the cause of this intense subjectivism. It is sufficient to note that it comes as a reaction against the strong objectivism which predominated in literature of the second half of the nineteenth century—under the name of naturalism. I leave the explanation of the causes, however, to the philosopher and historian. I shall endeavor in this article merely to point out some of the chief characteristics of modern literature (and art in general).

Having chosen the soul as its basis, modern literature must necessarily be subjective and individualistic, rather than objective and social. It leaves the world of outer phenomena entirely alone and confines itself only to the inner world of man, the world of feeling and emotions. This makes it individualistic and psychological. It is the individual, not society, that interests the writer now. Society has no soul, it is an abstract idea; it is a part of the outer world, the world of our five senses, the passing world, the deceiving world, the world which Zola and his followers taught to copy with the faithfulness of machines. It is an unreal world; it has neither blood nor color; it cannot therefore serve as a subject for the modern artist. He could not temper with it. He has some-

thing more important to describe. He has "a world beyond consciousness," a world of feeling and soul, to him the real world. This world, however, he can find only in the individual man, and this is why he chooses him as his subject. As a result we see now the decline of such works as Ibsen's "League of Youth," "Pillars of Society," Sudermann's "Before Sunrise," Gorki's "The Mother," etc., and the rise of the psychological works of Przybyszewski, Sonnitzler, Andreyeff, etc. Gorki, some time ago the ideal of Russia, is now considered by the Russian critics as "played out" (who would have believed it ten years ago?) and Andreyeff is pronounced literary monarch. This is mostly because the former is a social writer, while the latter is a psychologist. Gorki is not modern enough; he deals with social events as with something which is an aim in itself, while to the modern writer society exists only in so far as it influences and affects the individual.

This psychological current naturally carries modern literature away to mysticism and symbolism. For when men go "beyond conscienceness" in search of causes of things, when a school abandons entirely the outer world as "passing, accidental, and deceiving," it is bound to lose itself in metaphysics, symbolism, and mysticism. After all, symbolism and mysticism are nothing but soul psychology carried to an extreme. If one should dwell too intensely on the human soul, on human emotions and feelings, he will necessarily become entangled in the net of mysteries from which there is no escape.

"Behind the limited circle of the conscious states of our Ego," says Przybyszewski, "there is an internal ocean of mysteries and riddles." It is this ocean of mysteries and riddles which finds expression in Maeterlink and his followers. It is a result only of a too intense dwelling on the human soul. Maeterlink is the healthy and strong expression of these mysteries and riddles, but there is also a morbid and sick expression of the thing, such as we find in the works of the so-called "decadents." One must not, however, judge the whole modern school by this morbid expression of it. True enough, this school gives morbidity a greater field of action, but it does not create it. Morbidity has always existed in literature.

Another characteristic of modern art is its romanticism.

It is not the old romanticism, the romanticism of the end of the eighteenth and of the beginning of the nineteenth centuries. Modern romanticism is as far from it as it is from Zola's "experimentalism" and of the psuedo-classicism of the eighteenth century. The difference is immense.

The old romanticism came from without. It was nature and the beauties of the outer world which inspired the romanticist of the last century. The modern romanticist gets his inspiration from within, from the human soul and its depths. In contradistinction to the pale and somewhat sentimental romanticism of the past age, the modern is passionate, full of blood and color, as the human heart, which is its chief subject.

Furthermore, the old romanticist sought his mysteries and beauty in the old feudal castles and in knighthood, while the neo-romanticist seeks it in the present, in his own soul, in the souls of his nearest friends. Not in vain did naturalism live and flourish. It accomplished this if nothing else; it taught men to look at themselves. In this respect modern literature is realistic, notwithstanding the fact that the modern writers shun realism so much.

In truth, it is not realism itself that the moderns are striving to escape from, but the methods and forms of the realistic school. The gulf between these two schools is therefore not as great as it may at first appear. It is not a difference of subject matter, but of form. The realists describe things as they see them, the "moderns" describe the impressions which the things make upon them; stated in other words, it means that the moderns are *impressionistic realists,* nothing else, and the gulf which is supposed to exist between these two schools is more imaginary than real.

As a result of its impressionism, modern literature is lyrical and poetic. A piece of modern prose reads like poetry, and like poetry it creates what Germans call a *Stimmung* (mood), and no wonder. Its purpose being mostly an appeal to the emotions, it necessarily creates a *Stimmung,* if it is of any good.

It has been very well pointed out that modern art is religious, and God-seeking in its tendency. Like religion (true religion, not the religion of the church), it tends to awaken feeling, emotions, and higher contemplation.

However, it only awakens these emotions, but does not direct them, does not lead them, does not expound them. This is not the aim of literature. The artist is not a teacher, nor a philosopher; the modern artist especially shows tendencies and morals. This is not his work. Let the superior talent expand and elucidate. He has a greater mission. He awakens thought, he awakens feelings which we sometimes do not understand, and very often cannot express in words, but he elevates man, brings him nearer to God, to goodness, and to beauty. This has been the aim of all great literature, but no school, as a school, did ever come so near to the aim as the modern school of writing; it is this which constitutes its real greatness, and makes it of such great service to humanity.

* * *

THE POISONOUS TREE

By SOL DAVIS.

ON the shores of the Great Ocean there stood a large, thick forest, wherein grew many stately and beautiful trees. Some travellers who passed through that forest spoke of it in words of praise and admiration. But there were others who told another tale; for these happened to look deeper, and perceived in it what the former did not perceive. They saw that, in spite of external beauty and stateliness, the trees suffered greatly from a lack of vitality, a poverty in juice and sap, which hindered their full growth and expansion. They spoke of it as of a great and serious evil, which threatened the existence of the forest; but what the true cause of it was they could not exactly say.

One day there happened to pass through that forest a lonely wanderer. Simple in dress, humble in demeanor, and exhibiting a somewhat nervous restlessness, he cast about him glances of fire, and looked with keen interest on all that surrounded him. He saw the withered branches of the trees, their dry and faded leaves; and his heart contracted with grief and sorrow, the more so as he looked upon the young ones—for these were the greatest victims of the prevailing evil.

"I must rescue these young ones," muttered he to himself, as he wandered on. "I must save these poor little trees from being devoured by the hidden monster, which sucks the juice and sap out of them."

Suddenly he came up towards a huge, gigantic tree. Something in its appearance struck him, and he stood for a long time gazing upon it intently.

The color of the tree was dark, so dark that it approached almost to blackness. Its trunk was of an enormous size, and its branches were so long that they stretched themselves like giant snakes and encircled some of the other trees that stood around.

The lonely man approached nearer towards the tree, and with great assiduity began to examine every branch, every part of it.

"Ah!" exclaimed he, suddenly, as he sprang back. "Poison! this tree contains poison. At last I found it, the cause of the terrible evil that poisons and corrupts the life of this beautiful and stately forest. Now to the task!"

But for a long while he stood motionless, as if hesitating what to do. Chop off the branches that entwine the neighboring trees? But he perceived by certain marks that others had tried to do so before him, and apparently to no avail.

"To the root!" he exclaimed, "to the root!"—and he set to dig at the root of the tree.

He digged and digged, and digged again; and yet the tree stood firm and did not move. It appeared that it had stood there for many centuries, in the course of which it became too deeply rooted in the ground to be easily eradicated. But the man possessed a strong will and firmness of purpose. He looked towards the pale, withered trees, and the thought of imparting new life to them added courage to his work; and he digged on with patience and perseverance.

Alas, for the noble man! In his absorption and enthusiasm he did not see that from the root he endeavored to destroy there issued forth a black, ugly, repulsive-looking creature, and, worm-like, crawled treacherously and imperceptibly upon his body till it reached his heart. The man felt a sudden sting, and he fell with a deep groan.

Immediately this groan was echoed through the length and breadth of the forest, and far beyond the confines of it. It echoed and re-echoed for a long time, and the tree which stood firm for ages began to totter.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

THE time is past when one looked forward with respect and anxious expectation toward international Socialist congresses. Unfortunately the time is gone forever, because of the lack of the enlivening Anarchist element which was finally barred in 1896. Since then Socialist congresses resemble the council of Catholic fathers, and are not considered seriously by the thoughtful, revolutionary Socialists.

The recent Congress at Copenhagen has transcended all previous records in point of empty phraseology and lack of results. The questions submitted to the congress for consideration were fraught with vital importance, holding out the promise of revolutionary activity. But the dead cannot vivify the dying.

The American delegates surprised even the most conservative elements of the Congress by their reactionary attitude. They voted, almost unanimously, against the resolution of Keir Hardie calling for a general strike in the event of a declaration of war.

The whole proceedings of the Congress circled around the old-time parliamentarism, law-making, and resolutions for which the ruling classes feel nothing but contempt.

The dull oratory concerning insurance against unemployment, co-operative associations, etc., failed to reach even the niveau of the radical bourgeois politicians.

* * *

On the occasion of the International Freethinkers' Congress at Brussels took place the unveiling of a statue in honor of three victims of the Catholic Church: the Counts Egmont and Horn, and Francisco Ferrer.

Thousands participated in the demonstration. Among the delegates was also Soledad Villafranca, the friend and co-worker of Francisco Ferrer.

At the suggestion of our Dutch Comrade, Domela Nieuwenhuis, it was decided that the first subject to be considered by the next Congress should be the question of rational education at home and school, and the best methods to be employed in the education of children.

Steps have also been taken for the arrangement of demonstrations in the month of October, in commemoration of the first anniversary of the death of Francisco Ferrer.

A telegram expressing the sympathy of the Congress was sent to Gustave Hervé, at present imprisoned at Clairvaux.

The next Congress is to take place within two years, at Munich.

* * *

No intelligent student can fail to realize that Spain is on the eve of a great upheaval. Many phenomena indicate its near approach. A year ago we witnessed the great protest of the working people of Catalonia against the Moroccan war of capitalist aggrandizement. Now the country is torn by an intellectual revolution against the clerical pest. The agitation has grown to such extent that even Premier Canalejas has been forced to take the offensive against the Vatican.

A characteristic note of the present situation is the great general strike of the miners in Spain,—a weapon already used by the Spanish proletariat on several occasions—always with beneficial results.

* * *

The revolutionary elements of Italy, France, and England succeeded in preventing the then planned visit of the bloddy Tsar to their respective countries. But the powerful Social Democracy of Germany absolutely failed to achieve a like result. The hangman of the Russian people could safely promenade in Germany, while many Russians were deported for the greater security of the Tsar. Among others, also the Russian artists Landowsky, Isenberg, Stein, and Rosenberg, prominent members of the theatrical profession at Frankfort, were forced to leave the country. Their "crime" consisted in reciting at a public performance some poetry dealing with the persecution of the Jews in Russia.

The Prussian Tsarism is indeed worthy of its Russian prototype. The German proletariat, however, cannot be likened to the Russian.

Comrade Pierre Ramus gives an interesting account, in the last issue of the Vienna *Wohlstand für Alle,* about his last agitation tour in northern Bohemia.

After several very successful meetings had taken place, the authorities suddenly awakened to the situation, and our active comrade was arrested, although absolutely no legal offence had taken place. The purpose of the police

was to keep Ramus in prison and thus prevent him from delivering the lectures which had been arranged with a great outlay of effort and money. But Comrade Ramus spoiled the police plans by declaring a hunger strike, which forced the authorities to release him.

The hunger strike is the most efficacious weapon at the disposal of a prisoner. Originated in Russia by the politicals, it has since been used with splendid effect by the English suffragettes.

Such means arouse the sympathetic protest of "reactionary" Europe. In our own free country prisoners actually starve themselves to death, as a protest against inhuman treatment, without the "intelligent" public paying the least attention.

* * *

One of the most remarkable personalities in the Anarchist movement of France recently died in a hospital in Paris,—Le père Lapurge.

His revolutionary songs are highly popular among the French Anarchists. His miniature workshop, in which he, a poor cobbler, sang the glories of "Dame Dynamite," was one of the most unique places in France.

Only in revolutionary Paris could such an artisan-artist find affectionate recognition.

* * *

The London *Daily News* has a trenchant article in connection with the case of the Hindu revolutionist Savarkar, from which we give the following extract. It is pleasant to observe that there is at least one leading organ of public opinion in England willing to do justice and possessing sufficient acumen to perceive the evil consequences that are bound to follow so gross a breach of international law as the recapture of a political prisoner, once he has set foot on foreign soil or has even come within the territorial waters of a foreign State.

"There can be no question that the French policeman who handed the fugitive Savarkar over without authority, was breaking the law. Once Savarkar had landed on the French shore he came within the protection of the extradition treaty between this country and France, and could not be properly recovered except by the procedure laid down in that treaty and under the restrictions imposed by that treaty. In point of fact, Savarkar would probably

not have been surrendered at all, for, just as we do not surrender for political offences, so we cannot enforce the surrender of political offenders. The illegality of Savarkar's surrender is so plain that the only defence so far attempted has been to suggest that the British government cannot be responsible for the errors of a French policeman. That argument is utterly fallacious, because the error and the offence were committed by the French policeman in conjunction with British officials, and would have been impossible without the co-operation of British officials. We need not dwell upon the fatal consequences if we persist in not returning Savarkar to French custody and taking our chances under the Extradition Treaty. Having ourselves maintained the legitimacy of our own action, we should be unable to protest if a British policeman were in the future to hand over a fugitive Garibaldi or Kossuth to a foreign government. The right of asylum, instead of being under the protection of the law, would be at the mercy of the arbitrary caprice or the corruptibility of the meanest police constable."

Such is the view of a leading European paper. But our own great dailies had not a word of censure against the action of the Federal authorities at the time of John Turner's deportation.

* * *

Comrade J. W. Fleming writes to Comrade Emma Goldman from Melbourne, Australia:

Comrades in Sydney and Adelaide are very anxious for you to come, and are organizing into committees to raise funds and arrange meetings. You can look forward to a successful tour.

Nothing extraordinary has occurred since my last report, except that the Attorney General administered a snub to a labor delegation, refusing to grant their request for a clause to be added to the new Compulsory Arbitration bill, giving unionists preference. The Trades Hall Council deputation retired and thanked the Attorney General for nothing.

The Federal government has voted £2,000,000 a year to be used for compulsory military purposes. All boys fourteen years of age are to be trained to murder by the officers appointed by the Labor government, commencing next January.

Peter Bowling is still in jail and is likely to stay. Those who could demand his release, the Federal Labor government, remain silent.

There has been considerable excitement caused by a university professor who advised that, in order to abolish war, the workers should declare a general strike and lay down their tools. The

professor's name is Dr. Bevan; he was at one time a congregational preacher in New York.

In West Australia, at a strike of Tramway employees, the mounted troopers charged the workers and injured several women, but no protest has been offered, no indignation shown. It is sickening.

The Labor Premier of South Australia is spending his time in the pulpits beseeching the workers to go to church and cease drinking and gambling; then they will be happy. I think he gets something like £1,500 a year.

Last week the Lord Mayor of Sydney visited the slums, reporting later that houses the toilers lived in were not fit for dogs. The workingmen appealed to the Mayor not to interfere because they could not afford to pay for better houses! This is Australia, the Workers' Paradise.

* * *

A new magazine in the Jewish language, *Our Health*, devoted to the interests of the proletariat, is being published by our Comrade, Dr. B. Liber. Address: 230 E. 10th street, New York.

NOTE.

So far the following dates have been engaged for lectures:

New York	October 7—8
Albany	October 9
Rochester	October 12
Buffalo	October 13—16
Cleveland	October 20—23
Toledo	October 26
Detroit	October 30
Chicago	November 11

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